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S H A K E S P E A R E ' S

G A R L A N D.



SHAKESPEARE'S GARLAND.

BEING A

C O L L E C T I O N

O F

NEW SONGS, BALLADS, ROUNDELAYS,
CATCHES, GLEES, COMIC-SERENATAS, &c.

PERFORMED AT THE

J U B I L E E

A T

STRATFORD UPON AVON.

T H E M U S I C K

B Y

DR. ARNE, MR. BARTHELIMON, MR. AILWOOD,
AND MR. DIBDIN.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. BECKET, AND P. A. DE HONDT,
IN THE STRAND.

MDCCLXIX.

SHAKESPEARE'S GARLAND

BEING A

COLLECTION



NEWSON'S FALLEN FOUNTAIN

CATHERINE CLERK OF THE PARLIAMENT

TRANSLATED BY THE

LIBRARY

SEATTLE AND UPON AVOON

THE NEW YORK

BY

DE ALNE ME LARHMON DE ALNE

AND ME LARHMON

10-2-7

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UNIVERSITY

SHAKESPEARE'S GARLAND.

THE MORNING ADDRESS.

To the Ladies,

LET beauty with the sun arise,
To SHAKESPEARE tribute pay,
With heavenly smiles and speaking eyes;
Give grace and lustre to the day.

Each smile she gives protects his name,
What face shall dare to frown?
Not Envy's self can blast the fame,
Which Beauty deigns to crown.

WARWICKSHIRE.

A S O N G.

By Mr. G —

I.

YE *Warwickshire* lads, and ye lasses,
 See what at our Jubilee passes,
 Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
 For the lad of all lads, was a *Warwickshire* lad,
 Warwickshire lad,
 All be glad,
 For the lad of all lads, was a *Warwickshire* lad.

II.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
 Where Nature has lavish'd her bounty,
 Where much she has giv'n, and some to be spar'd,
 For the bard of all bards, was a *Warwickshire* bard,
 Warwickshire bard,
 Never pair'd,
 For the bard of all bards, was a *Warwickshire* bard.



III.

III.

Each shire has its different pleasures,
 Each shire has its different treasures;
 But to rare *Warwickshire*, all must submit,
 For the wit of all wits, was a *Warwickshire* wit,
 Warwickshire wit,
 How he writ!

For the wit of all wits, was a *Warwickshire* wit,]

IV.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
 And half a score more we take pride in,
 Of famous *Will Congreve*, we boast too the skill,
 But the *Will* of all *Wills*, was *Warwickshire Will*,
 Warwickshire Will,
 Matchless still,
 For the *Will* of all *Wills*, was a *Warwickshire Will*.

V.

Our SHAKESPEARE compar'd is to no man,
 Nor *Frenchman*, nor *Grecian*, nor *Roman*,
 Their swans are all geese, to the *Avon's* sweet swan,
 And the man of all men, was a *Warwickshire* man,
 Warwickshire man,
 Avon's swan,
 And the man of all men, was a *Warwickshire* man.

VI.

As ven'son is very inviting,
 To steal it out hard took delight in,
 To make his friends merry he never was lag,
 And the wag of all wags, was a *Warwickshire* wag,
 Warwickshire wag,
 Ever brag,

For the wag of all wags, was a *Warwickshire* wag.

VII.

There never was seen such a creature,
 Of all she was worth, he robb'd Nature;
 He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief,
 And the thief of all thieves, was a *Warwickshire* thief,
 Warwickshire thief,
 He's the chief,

For the thief of all thieves, was a *Warwickshire* thief.

SWEET • WILLY O,

A S O N G.

By Mr. G ———

I.

THE pride of all nature was sweet *Willy O*,
 The first of all swains,
 He gladden'd the plains,
 None ever was like to sweet *Willy O*.

II.

He fung it so rarely did sweet *Willy O*,
 He melted each maid,
 So skillful he play'd,
 No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet *Willy O*.

III.

All Nature obey'd him, this sweet *Willy O*,
 Wherever he came,
 Whate'er had a name,
 Whenever he fung follow'd sweet *Willy O*,

• SHAKESPEARE.

IV,

IV.

He won'd be a * foldier, this sweet *Willy* O,
 When arm'd in the field,
 With sword and with fhield,
The laurel was won by the sweet *Willy* O.

V.

He charm'd 'em when living, the sweet *Willy* O,
 And when *Willy* dy'd,
 'Twas Nature that sigh'd,
To part with her all in her sweet *Willy* O:

* Writer of Tragedy.

SHAKESPEARE'S

SHAKESPEARE'S MULBERRY-TREE.

Sung with a Cup in his Hand made of the Tree.

By Mr. G ———

I.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, O my sweet SHAKESPEARE, was planted by thee;
As a relick I kiss it, and bow at the shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine!

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree,
Bend to thee,
Blest Mulberry,
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal be!

II.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round their branches, whose heads sweep the sky,
Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives, at prices so dear,
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

III.

III.

The Oak is held royal, is *Britain's* great boast,
 Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast;
 But of Fir we make ships; we have thousands that fight;
 While One, only One, like our SHAKESPEARE can write,
 All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c, &c.

IV.

Let *Venus* delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit trees, and *Flora* in flowers,
 The garden of SHAKESPEARE all fancies will suit;
 With the sweetest of flowers, and fairest of fruit,
 All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c, &c.

V.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd Birch,
 Supplies Law and Physick, and Grace for the church;
 But Law and the Gospel in SHAKESPEARE we find,
 And he gives the best Physick for body and mind.
 All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c, &c.

VI.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
 From him and his merits this takes its degree;
 Let *Phæbus* and *Bacchus* their glories resign,
 Our tree shall surpass both the Laurel and Vine.
 All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c, &c,

VII.

The Genius of SHAKESPEARE out-shines the bright day,
 More rapture than wine to the heart can convey,
 So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
 Has Laurel, and Bays, and the Vine all in one.
 All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c, &c.

VIII.

Then each take a reliq of this hallow'd tree,
 From folly and fashion a charm let it be;
 Fill fill to the planter, the cup to the brim,
 To honour the country, do honour to him,
 All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree,
 Bend to thee,
 Blest Mulberry,
 Matchless was he
 Who planted thee,
 And thou like him immortal be!

R O U N D E L A Y.

For the Jubilee, in Honour of SHAKESPEARE.

By Mr. J——

I.

SISTERS of the tuneful strain!
 Attend your parent's jocund train,
 'Tis Fancy calls you, follow me,
 To celebrate the Jubilee.

II.

On *Avon's* banks, where SHAKESPEARE's bust
 Points out, and guards his sleeping dust,
 The sons of Scenic Mirth decree
 To celebrate this Jubilee.

III.

* By *Garrick* led, the grateful band,
 Haste to their Poet's native land,
 With rites of sportive revelry,
 To celebrate his Jubilee.

N. B. The Stanzas marked with a * are omitted in the singing.

IV.

IV.

• Come daughters then, and with you bring
The vocal reed, and sprightly string,
Wit, and Joke, and Repartee,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

V.

Come, daughters, come, and bring with you
Th' Aerial Sprite and Fairy Crew,
And the Sister-Graces three,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

VI.

Hang around the sculptur'd tomb
The broider'd vest, the nodding plume,
And the mask of comic glee,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

VII.

From *Birnam Wood*, and *Bosworth's Field*,
Bring the standard, bring the shield,
With drums, and martial symphony,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

VIII.

In mournful numbers now relate
 Poor *Desdemona*'s hapless fate,
 With frantic deeds of Jealousy,
 To celebrate our Jubilee.

IX.

Not be *Windſor*'s wives forgot,
 With their harmless, merry plot,
 The whit'ning mead, and haunted tree,
 To celebrate our Jubilee.

X.

Now in jocund strains recite,
 The revels of the braggar'd *Knight*,
 Fat *Knight*! and antient *Pistol* he!
 To celebrate our Jubilee.

XI.

But see, in crowds, the gay, the fair,
 To the splendid scene repair,
 A scene as fine, as fine can be,
 To celebrate our Jubilee.

XII.

XII.

CHORUS FROM THE CHURCH.

Yet *Colin* bring, and *Rosalind*,

Each shepherd true, and damsel kind,

For well with ours, their sports agree,

To crown the festive Jubilee.

CHORUS

CHORUS FROM THE CHURCH.

THIS is the day, a holiday ! a holiday !

Drive spleen and rancour far away,

This is the day, a holiday ! a holiday !

Drive care and sorrow far away.

• Here Nature nurs'd her darling boy,

From whom all care, and sorrow fly,

Whose harp the muses strung:

From heart to heart let joy rebound,

Now, now, we tread enchanted ground,

Here SHAKESPEARE walk'd, and sung !

• To be sung at the house where SHAKESPEARE was born;

TO

TO THE
IMMORTAL MEMORY OF SHAKESPEARE.

IMMORTAL be his name,
His memory, his fame!
Nature and her works we see,
Matchless SHAKESPEARE full in thee!
Join'd by everlasting tyes,
SHAKESPEARE but with Nature dies.
Immortal be his Name,
His memory, his fame!

THE DRAMATIC RACE.

A C A T C H.

BY A LOVER OF THE TURF.

CLEAR, clear the course — make room — make
room I say!

Now they are off, and *Jonson* makes the play.

I'll bet the odds — done fir, with you and you;

SHAKESPEARE keeps near him — and he'll win it too;

Here's even money — done for a hundred, done —

Now *Jonson*! now, or never — he has won.

I'll take my oath, that SHAKESPEARE won the prize —

Damme! whoever says he lost it, lies.

CHORUS

C H O R U S

FOR THE

PAGEANT AT STRATFORD.

By Mr. B——.

HENCE ye prophane! and only they,
 Our pageant grace our pomp survey,
 Whom love of sacred genius brings;
 Let pride, let flattery decree,
 Honors to deck the memory,
 Of warriors, senators, and kings—
 Not less in glory, and desert,
 The poet here receives his part,
 A tribute from the feeling heart.

D

A CATCH!

A C A T C H.

By Mr. B——.

*N*YM, Pistol and Bardolph, with merry old Jack,
 One morning made sport for their pupil, prince Harry;
 When Falstaff cry'd out for a bumper of sack,
 To Quickly, his hostess, and bid her not tarry;
 Ah! hah! cry'd the prince, honest boy is it so!
 The wheels of your wit, must be oil'd as they go.

CATCH.

CATCH IN AS YOU LIKE IT.

WHAT shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.

Take thou no scorn
To wear the horn, the horn, the horn:
It was a crest ere thou wast born,
Thy father's father wore it;
And thy father bore it,
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

A G L E E.

By Dr. M——

COME, nymphs and fawns, where'er ye be,
To this your Father's Jubilee,

With a tivy, tivy, tivy-tivie, ti.

Come elves, and fairies, in a row,
And if you ever sung, sing now,

With a row-dow, row tidow, dow.

Ev'n *Caliban*, tho' void of art,

With growling base, shall bear a part,

With a Ban, Ban, Cacaliban.

QUEEN

Q U E E N M A B.

A C A N T A T A.

The Words by Mr. B——.

The Music by Mr. DIBDIN.

R E C I T A T I V E.

NOT long ago, 'tis said, a proclamation,
Was sent abroad through all the *Fairy* nation;
Mab to her loving subjects—A decree,
At SHAKESPEARE's tomb to hold a Jubilee.

A C C O M P A N I E D.

The night was come, and now on *Avon's* side
The pigmy race was seen,
Attended by their queen,
On chafers some, and some on crickets ride.
The queen appear'd from far,
Mounted in a nut shell carr;
Six painted lady-birds the carriage drew;
And now the cavalcade,
In order due array'd,
March'd first,
Where erst,
The sacred Mulb'ry grew,
And there their homage paid:

Next

Next they fought the holy ground,
 And while
 A thousand glow-worm torches glimmer'd round;
 Thus *Good Fellow*, the herald of his fame,
 Did from the alabaster height proclaim,
 The poets titles and his stile.

A I R.

SHAKESPEARE, *heaven's most favor'd creature,*
Truest copier of Nature,
First of the Parnassian train;
Chiefest fav'rite of the muses,
Which soe'er the poet chooses,
Blest alike in ev'ry strain.
Life's great censor, and inspector,
Fancy's treasurer, Wit's director,
Artless to the shame of art;
Master of the various passions,
Leader of all inclinations,
Sov'reign of the human heart.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Then did the queen an acorn take,
 Fill'd with morn and ev'ning dew,
 Brush'd from ev'ry fragrant brake,
 That round the lawns of *Stratford* grew.

And

ACCOMPANIED.

And thus said she, libation do I make,
 To our friend and father's shade :
 'Twas SHAKESPEARE that the *Fairies* made ;
 And men shall give us honour for his sake.

A I R.

*O happy bard, whose potent skill,
 Can give existence where it will.
 Let giant wisdom strive to chase,
 From man's belief the Fairy race ;
 Religion stern our pow'r reject,
 Philosophy our tales neglect,
 Only trusting what 'tis seeing ;
 Combat us howe'er they list,
 In thy scenes we shall exist,
 Sure as if Nature gave us being.*

THE

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

A COMIC SERENATA.

By Mr. G——

RECITATIVO.

PRITHEE tell me, cousin *Sue*,
 Why they make so much to do,
 Why all this noise and clatter?
 Why all this hurry, all this bustle,
 Law how they crowd, and bawl and juffle,
 I caunno' guess the matter:

For whom must all this puther be?
 The Emperor of *Garmanee*,
 Or Great Mogul is coming,
 Such eating, drinking, dancing, finging,
 Such Cannon firing, bells a ringing,
 Such trumpetting and drumming!

A I R.

*All this for a Poet—O no—
 Who liv'd lord knows how long ago?
 How can you jeer one,
 How can you fleeer one,
 A poet, a poet, O no,
 'Tis not so,
 Who liv'd lord knows how long ago:*

*It must be some great man,
A prince, or a state-man,
It can't be a poet—O no:*

*Your poet is poor,
And nobody sure,*

Regards a poor poet I trow:

*The rich ones we prize,
Send 'em up to the skies,*

*But not a poor poet—O no—
Who liv'd lord knows how long ago.*

R E C I T A T I V O.

Yet now I call to mind,
Our larned doctor boasted,
One SHIKSPUR did of all mankind,
Receive from heav'n the most-head—

That he could wonders do,
And did 'em o'er and o'er,
Raife sprites, and lay 'em too,
The like ne'er seen before.

A conjurer was he!
Who with a pen in hond,
Had earth, and air, and sea,
And all things at commaund.

E

A I R.

A I R.

I.

*O'er each heart he was ruler,
Made 'em warmer or cooler,
Could make 'em to laugh or to cry:
What we lock'd in our breasts,
Tho' as close as in Chests,
Was not hid from the conjuror's eye:*

*Tho' sins I have none,
I am glad he is gone,
No maid could live near such a mon.*

II.

*If he saw ye he knew ye,
Would look thro' and thro' ye,
Thro' skin, and your flesh and your cloaths,
Had you vanity, pride,
Fifty follies beside,
He would see 'em, as plain as your nose:*

*Tho' sins I have none,
I am glad he is gone,
No maid would live near such a mon.*

III.

III.

*Let us sing it, and dance it,
Rejoice it, and prance it,
That no man has now such an art;
What would come of us all,
Both the great ones, and small,
Should be live to peep now in each heart*

*Tho' sins I have none,
I am glad he is gone,
No maid could live near such a mon.*

}

F I N I S.



